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KINGSWESTON HILL,

A P O E M.

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KINGSTON HILL

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KINGSWESTON HILL,

A P O E M;

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS, BY THE AUTHOR,

THOMAS HOBHOUSE, A. M.

SATIS BEATUS RURIS HONORIBUS.

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THOMAS HOBHOUSE, A.M.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1802

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KINGSWESTON HILL.

No more, *Kingsweston*, shall th' ungrateful Muse,

At thy fond call, her wayward ear refuse ;

What tho' no Denham e'er has deign'd his lays,

Well may thy fame transcend a *Cooper's* praise :

Oh! that thy varying wonders could inspire

Their weak encomiaſt with a Denham's fire!---

Now, as I gradual climb the ſtately height,

The burſting proſpect ruſhes on the ſight :

B

Below

Below, rich woods o'ershade the circled green,
 Meads smile o'er meads, and gladden all the scene;
 The waves of Severn, sparkling, as they run,
 Reflect a thousand colours from the sun;
 O'er the clear main dispers'd, the lefs'ning sail,
 (Thy wealth, proud Bristol!) dances in the gale;
 Beyond, the Cambrian mountains dimly rise,
 Point their blue tops, and vanish in the skies.
 Approaching Autumn just begins to tinge
 The leafy verdure with a golden fringe;
 Thro' the fair scene unequal shades appear,
 That speak the downfall of the waining year;

The

The promontory, topt with yellower pine,
 The tower, where wreaths of fading ivy twine ;
 Near the brown elm, the berried holly spread,
 And the late rose, that spots the copse with red ;
 The woodbine's feath'ry bloom, that, unconfin'd,
 Mounts in the circles of the wafting wind ;
 While the chang'd oak in tawny beauty stands,
 Proud of his height, and all the grove commands.

Happy the man, who to these shades retires,
 Whom ease invites, and social friendship fires ;
 Who traces wisdom's unassuming plan,
 Grateful to God, benevolent to man---

No polish'd fools his wasted evening lull,
 Gay by constraint and elegantly dull;
 But, every hour, instructive pleasure springs
 From the fair variegated face of things;
 Curious he scans the elemental laws,
 And looks, thro' Nature, up to Nature's CAUSE.

But should a man, endow'd with every art
 To clear the head, and elevate the heart;
 To form the wit, the patriot, and the sage,
 To bless an empire, and adorn an age;
 Should he, perverting Nature's gen'rous end,
 From Virtue's heights, to grov'ling *Treach'ry*
 bend;

Puff'd

Puff'd by the breath of visionary fame
 Barter, in all, the substance for the name ;
 The goal of vice by safe approaches seek,
 And look the lie his tongue's too wise to speak ;
 Polite to gain, and friendly to beguile,
 Strike with a jest, and poison with a smile ;
 Mould, to his will, the Jesuitic text,
 Bawd in one line, and preacher in the next ;
 With critic toil the human portrait trace,
 That guilt distorts, and weaknesses deface ;
 (Mark how the col'ring heightens, how it fades,
 Thro' all the nice variety of shades ;)

C

Should

Should all his prospects end in splendid pelf,
 And all his friendship in his little self;--
 To Nature's beauteous bowers he vainly hies;
 Her suns grow paler, and her bloom all flies;
 'Till his last hour extend the desp'rate plan,
 And sceptick fury close what vice began.

Daughter of heav'n, fair JUSTICE! oh return,
 Breath from each tongue, in every bosom burn;
 Descend, array'd in all thy native pride,
 While mild *Benevolence* attends thy side;
 From the *false* patriot's bosom tear the mask,
 And give the *true*, the wreath he scorn'd to ask;

Bid

Bid kindred Truth inspire from pole to pole,
 And Indian suns o'er lands of freedom roll ;
 Bid wrangling Faction here forget to roar,
 And mean Ambition spread her snares no more ;
 So shall fair Albion's glories rise again,
 Nor fear, nor suffer, a divided reign ;
 But undiminish'd to her heirs descend,
 And grow with years, 'till time shall have an end.
 Still, as the circling seasons dance along,
 Their varied pleasures call the rural throng ;
 With sounding horns the swain salutes the sun,
 Spreads the firm net, or aims the thund'ring gun.

Hark !

Hark ! the glad tumult thro' the forest rings !
 Forth from the brake the deer affrighted springs ;
 O'ermead, o'erdale, with furious speed he bounds,
 And mocks the vigour of the lagging hounds ;
 Then stops : but list'ning to the shouts again,
 He starts, he sweeps, he rushes o'er the plain.

When solemn Eve uprears her paly lamp,
 And the chill frost arrests the falling damp,
 The silent swains the shadowy meadow trace,
 Where sunk in slumber lies the feather'd race :
 The lengthen'd net they spread with nicest care ;
 At either end a taper aids the snare :

Sudden

Sudden an artful uproar bursts around ;

The roosted warblers startle at the sound :

Scar'd by the tumult, by the lights beset,

The little victims croud the treach'rous net.

If driving rains these healthy toils refuse,

The youth ingenuous courts the classic Muse ;

Or opes the page, where awful ^{facts are} ~~facts are~~ plac'd,

By truth suggested, and by language grac'd ;

Where *Hist'ry* penetrates, with hallow'd pow'r,

The secret counfels of the distant hour ;

Unveils the light occurrences, whence springs

The fate of nations, and the fall of kings ;

D

How

How empires dawn, attain their noontide height,
 Then downward roll, and lose themselves in night;
 Calls the firm soul to daring virtue forth,
 And, by the past, inspires the future worth.

Fair seats diversify the smiling scene,
 And villages, and farms, appear between;
 Ashton, ~~for~~ Summer's choicest gifts renown'd,
 Henb'ry's proud woods, with gorgeous turrets
 crown'd;
 Westb'ry, where Trim in brawling shallows glides,
 Shirehampton, bounded by the marshy tides;
 And Durdham's Lodge, that views the shaggy caves
 Whence tow'ring Vincent threatens his subject waves;

And

And winding Stoke, and brooky Cote appear ;
 And Barrow's hills their nodding forests rear ;
 And Redland's funny hamlets gild the ground ;
 And Dund'ry's tow'rs the swelling prospect bound.
 Here too old Leigh his level lawn extends,
 And to the main in length'ning verdure bends ;
 Leigh, that to Charles unconscious refuge gave,
 The British King degraded to the slave ;
 When by stern faction exil'd from the throne,
 He stray'd, unmourn'd, unheeded, and unknown.
 Thrice happy Bristol! whom such ^{Seats} ~~sweets~~ surround;
 But happier still, for every Muse renown'd !

Still

Still shall thy vales with richest verdure shine,
 Still the green laurel o'er thy forehead twine ;
 From age to age shall Chatterton survive,
 While gen'rous sensibility shall live ;
 Command the breast to throb, the tear to flow,
 In soft vicissitude of soothing woe ;
 The echoing soul with rising fury move,
 Sink to despair, or liquidate to love.

Deep in the neighb'ring glade, whose sylvan gloom
 Gives to the doubtful view a seeming tomb,
 Eugenio's Cenotaph, by Sylvia rear'd,
 Marks where the parting lover last appear'd.

Sad

Sad pair ! how soon your growing raptures pass'd,
 Chac'd by long woes, for ages doom'd to last !
 Ev'n as yon heedless adder welt'ring lies,
 His speckled beauties trailing, as he dies ;
 Whose eyes no more a fiery crimson boast,
 Their lustre shaded, and their magic lost ;
 Thus is proud *Man* arrested in his way,
 The gilded reptile of a longer day !
 The great, the fair, resign their petty reign,
 Vain their ambition, and their beauty vain.

Where ancient Trim in pebble-paven floods,
 Reflects the verdure of o'er-hanging woods ;

E

A genial

A genial villa rose between the trees,
 The seat of beauty, competence, and ease.
 There lovely Sylvia woo'd a mother's praise,
 Fair opening in the bloom of vernal days ;
 Saw Nature, breathing sweetness thro' the land,
 Blush in the berry, in the leaf expand ;
 With silver streams reviv'd the drooping flow'r,
 Or fed the plummy warbler of the bow'r ;
 In calm retirement pass'd her gentle prime,
 Fearless of ill, unconscious of a crime.
 By chance Eugenio came, his noble race
 Shone in the blooming beauties of his face ;

In

In him was Sylvia by reflection shown ;
 Congenial merit link'd their hearts in one.
 The youth then first the gen'rous passion fir'd;
 Then first the virgin wish'd to be admir'd.
 By wily love were frequent meetings fram'd ;
 More pleas'd they met, and parted more inflam'd.
 Short are our joys ; Eugenio's haughty fire
 To distant Naples bade his son retire.
 When the full sails receiv'd the springing gale,
 What tortur'd thoughts the lover's breast assail!
 Contending passions, each by turns, engage
 Th' impatient youth, love, jealousy, and rage;

This

This way and that with rival strength they tear;
 Then join tumultuous all, and finish in despair.
 Six days a calm had smoothen'd the tardy seas;
 In Biscay's Bay the vessel courts the breeze;
 Hark!--the dread thunder, with a furious crash,
 Splits!--o'er the gloom the forky meteors flash;
 The black cloud bursts, all heav'n descends amain
 In floods on floods, and joins the watry plain;
 As on the deck Eugenio standing ey'd
 The ridgy horrors of the desp'rate tide,
 A sudden wave, the messenger of Death,
 Sweeps from the ship, and whelms him underneath.

Meantime

Meantime the father, anxious for his son,
 Trembles to hear some deed of horror done ;
 Now pride, now fondness, the stern contest held,
 By turns repelling, and by turns repell'd ;
 When the fav'd servant, from the wreck restor'd,
 In his chill'd ear the fatal tidings pour'd.
 What mingling griefs the parent's look confess'd!
 He rav'd, he tore his hair, he beat his breast.
 But Sylvia silent melancholy seiz'd ;
 What joys can practise on a mind diseas'd ?
 In vain fair gardens, to attract her eyes,
 Swell in the fun, and shed a thousand dyes ;

F

The

The hawthorn blossoms, or the tulip breaks
 Into a gay diversity of streaks ;
 Or jasmine twines against the pillar's side,
 Or loftier arches mingle all their pride ;
 Or length'ning vistas stream along the coast,
 In fine gradation exquisitely lost ;---
 Unseen she moans ; or bids her sorrows suit
 The low sad warblings of the dying lute.
 When awful night broods o'er the conscious skies,
 And careless sleep has seal'd officious eyes ;
 What time still moonlight, at the haunted hour,
 With softer beauties decks the silver'd flow'r ;

Forth

Forth stealing, she enjoys a sad relief,
 In the full license of luxurious grief.
 There lies a vale, whose deep sequester'd sides
 The Trim with melancholy flow divides ;
 Where dusky woods, encircling all around,
 To gloomy calmness consecrate the ground.
 There the fair mourner nightly joys to rove,
 Vents all her griefs, and gives a loose to love ;
 On the cold ground dissolv'd in tears she lies,
 Or kneels, in silent anguish, to the skies ;
 Or lists, where Philomela's warblings flow,
 In sad congeniality of woe.

Then

Then fancy aids the terrors of the gloom,
 Heightens the true, and bids ideal come ;
 From every shade a beck'ning arm she sees,
 And Sylvia's name resounds in every breeze.
 Now, on the couch reclining, ev'n in sleep,
 Her restless thoughts their waking horrors keep ;
 The flow'rs stalks, where, near some aisle's dark
 rounds,

Deep charnels groan with more than mortal sounds ;
 The sable pomp descends---*Eugenio's* name
 She reads---a sudden tremor chills her frame ;
 She wakes---but, wakening, seeks a vain relief ;
 Plung'd in a sad reality of grief ;

From

From fearful nights, to days of woe returns ;

For ever murmurs, and for ever mourns.

Still, as around I turn my wand'ring eyes,

New forests thicken, and new scenes surprise ;

The harvest, gently bending to the breeze,

The distant landscape, glimm'ring thro' the trees ;

The browsing flocks, that speck the sloping field,

The coppy farm, half shelter'd, half reveal'd ;

While the green islets stud the briny plain,

And cloud-capt rocks hang low'ring o'er the main.

Creator of this foul---enliven'd frame,

Whose mercy beam'd, and made me what I am!

G

“ These

“ These are thy works ! ” thy sacred will was said,
 And worlds on worlds stood gloriously display’d!
 Affrighted Chaos ceas’d his hateful strife,
 And golden order started into life.
 That kindly rains the budding shoot distend,
 And gentle gales reviving coolness lend ;
 That soft’ring suns, and midnight’s starry train,
 Imperishable set, to rise again ;
 That rip’ning hours in glad succession bring
 The full-blown Summer, and the blossom’d Spring ;
 That Autumn showers his balmy stores around,
 And future harvests bless the wintry ground ;

All

All from thy never-ending goodness springs,

Eternal Effence of created things !

At thought of whom the grateful tear starts forth,

While the weak tongue in vain attempts thy worth.

On thy blest will with joy may I rely,

And live with thanks, with resignation die.

J. Hobhouse

F I N I S.

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All from thy never-ending goodness springs,
Eternal Essence of created things!
At thought of whom the grateful soul is torn,
While the weak tongue vainly attempts to mourn.
On thy bliss will with joy may I rely,
And live with thanks, with resignation die.

J. H. H. H.

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